

SCHOOL NITE EDITION

TOIKE OIKE



**TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.**

Vol. XXV.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1934

No. 5

WE PRESENT

The show of shows is here! This is the theatrical event that all Toronto looks eagerly forward to each season. It represents the acme of excellence in stage entertainment. Such a galaxy of stars has never before been seen in any one production. Of course! This must be the revue staged each year by those versatile gentlemen of the Little Red Schoolhouse for the pleasure of the more enlightened of the undergraduates. Here are a few testimonials from our popular Dailies: *Daily Snarl*—This spectacle warrants an Itch in the Hall of Fame for these young actors. *Mail and Vampire*—Georgeous! Glamorous! Risque!—but we might add, nothing risque, nothing gained. So don't fail to see it. The first performance begins sharp at 8.30, the second at 9.20. Price of admission, one School Nite ticket, (children unaccompanied by parents not admitted).

We are making startling revelations and showing intimate glimpses of life in that famous rendezvous for undernourished engineers, Gull Lake. All of which will serve to show to everyone the astounding resourcefulness of engineers even in the hottest spots.

At great expense we are bringing to you Pansy—that greatest of all famed horses of the turf—and Burpo, his equally famous trainer. Never before has Pansy appeared in a public performance. You will be amazed by her versatility.

During the fourth act you will probably be rolling in the aisles, (40 beers?) so better wear your old clothes. The quality of comedy will be such as to make those ducks, the More Farx brothers, want to wallow in the Soup of Despond, and scandalize that ridiculous Roman Eddie Banter.

We have given only a superficial idea of the amazing probabilities of this Review of Revues. Come sober and early to avoid the rush. On account of the difficulty encountered last year of obtaining quiet in the gym during the performance, the producers have this year endeavoured to make the skits practically all pantomime. However, we would ask all to co-operate by making as little noise as possible during the performances.

R. E. DOULL.

CHECKING REGULATIONS

PATRONS—Warden's Office
COMMITTEE—Room A (second floor)
LADIES—Billiard Room
Regular Check Room
GENTLEMEN—Sketch Room
ORCHESTRA—Chess Room
N.B.—The Locker Room will be open until 10.30 only. Those using it as dressing room will use Sketch Room to check overcoats, etc.

THE 23rd PSALM OF AN ENGINEER'S SWEET- HEART

Verily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer.

For an engineer is a strange being, and is possessed of many evils.

Yea, he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth formulae.

And he wieldeth a big stick which he calleth a slide-rule.

And he hath only one bible, a hand-book.

He thinketh only of stresses and strain, and without end of thermodynamics.

He showeth always a serious aspect, and seemeth not to know how to smile, and he picketh his seat in a car by the springs therein and not by the damsel.

Neither does he know a waterfall except by its horse-power, nor a sunset except that he must turn on the lights, nor a damsel except by her live weight.

Always he carrieth his books with him, and he entertaineth his sweetheart with steam tables.

Verily, though his damsel expecteth chocolates when he calleth,

She openeth the package but to disclose samples of iron ore.

Yea, he holdeth his damsel's hand but to measureth friction thereof.

And he kisseth her only to test the viscosity of her lips.

For in his eyes there shineth a far-away look that is neither

Love nor longing—rather a vain attempt to recall a formula.

There is but one key to his heart, and that is Engineering Society, and

When his damsel writeth of love and signeth with crosses, he

(Continued on page 2)

DINNER FOR EIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Russell were giving one of their delightful little dinner parties. Algernon was now a distinguished School graduate who was making a name for himself in spite of the present economic horror. You may be assured too, that he carved fowl quite as fastidiously as he dictated his letters. His task beautifully accomplished, he set down his carving knife and fork and sought the eyes of his lovely wife, Melanie. Quite oblivious of him she was lost in gay conversation with the gentleman on her right.

Algernon made a solemn resolve that the man should never again enter his home. Ever since their first dinner party Melanie had always smiled happily at him when he finished serving their guests. He had come to look for this little gesture of hers. And now someone had interfered. Or perhaps the first happy thrill of romance was beginning to lose its charm after two years of married life. It was a terrible thought. Delectable food could be rather tasteless after all when Melanie forgot to smile.

Dessert came and finally chairs were pushed back.

Algernon felt a soft warm hand slip into his as he stood waiting for his guests to move into the living room. It belonged to charming little Mary Elliott. He bent his head toward her lips.

"We'll sit in the corner by the piano for coffee, Algie," she whispered. "I want to talk to you."

He nodded.

Presently he brought coffee for her and fixed a cushion at her back.

"Well, pretty child?" he enquired.

"I'm nineteen, Algie."

He smiled tolerantly.

"You're not really so much older than I," she observed thoughtfully.

"Yes, that's true, dear. But I'm married, you know."

"Don't be silly Algie. I don't want you. I'm crazy about Bill."

"And he's crazy about you, Mary. I know."

"But it's you I want to talk about, Algie."

"Me?"

(Continued on page 3)

The Toike Oike

Devoted to the interests of the Under-graduates of the Faculty of Applied Science.

Published Every Now and Then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto

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VIRTUE

—in the female, lack of temptation;
—in the male, lack of opportunity.

THE SECOND YEAR PARTY

Parkdale Canoe Club, on January 9, was again the scene of another brilliant Engineers' party with second year, this time, in possession. The handsome members of second year with their very charming ladies turned out in a body supplemeneted by many members of the other years who threw their dignity to the winds and identified themselves with the sophs for an evening.

Music was supplied in a masterful fashion by the increasingly popular "Nels" Kelly and his rhythmic aggregation. Among the notables who danced to the music were Prof. and Mrs. Loudon, Prof. and Mrs. Thomson, Prof. and Mrs. W. J. T. Wright and Bob McIntyre (nertz!) who incidently, with his executive, deserve a lot of credit for a successful party.

IN A NUTSHELL—

Scintillating, superb, supreme, and so on.

Cannot be properly described in words. Hours of dancing to the Wright Brothers' music.

Only Bacchus himself could provide a better punch.

Outstanding floor show artists.

Lavishness—the keynote of the entire evening.

At midnight a sit-down supper in Concert Hall.

The air filled with music from the great organ.

Her eyes will sparkle at the favours and novelties.

Only \$4.00 per couple, including tax. Maximum of pleasure at minimum of cost.

End the social season by attending the only real dance of the year.

PHRENOLOGY

Dr. Allah Wett, the frenzied phrenologist, has consented to project his mind into the misty future and see events in the lives of Schoolmen and their loved ones. He will be found hovering in his sanctuary on the East Stair Landing. So bring your gals and let Allah get his talons into their permanents. They'll be impressed.

After working feverishly for 2½ hours at the examination the would-be-engineer gave up in despair and wrote on his paper—"Only God knows the answer to these questions." In reply to this the professor answered, "God gets 100, you get 0".

THE 23rd PSALM OF AN

(Continued from page 1)

Taketh these symbols not for kisses, but rather

For unknown quantities.

Even as a boy he pulleth a girl's hair but to test its elasticity.

But as a man he discovereth different devices; For he counteth the vibrations of her heartstrings; and

He seeketh ever to pursue his scientific investigations even, his own heart flutterings he counteth as a vision of beauty, and enscribeth his passion as a formula.

And his marriage is as a simultaneous equation involving two unknowns, and yielding diverse results.

Miss Bradshaw—"Did you answer the 'phone, Ritchie, what was the message?"

Ritchie—" 'Twasn't nobody, jes a man says, 'It's a long distance from New York' and I says, 'Yessir, it certainly is.'"

If when reading in bed the light should go out, pull a feather out of the pillow—that's light enough for anyone.

In an argument people don't stop to listen—they stop for breath.

THE SPORTOIKE

Two things about which to be joyful:

1. That Hart House has no elevators on School-Nite, it always affects my eye-sight.

2. That School At-Home took so much space in this edition there's none left for anything else under this column.

He was only a chemical but he had a hot retort.

Conductor—"Can't you see the sign, 'No Smoking'?"

Sailor—"Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there are so many dippy signs here. Look, there's one says, 'Wear Nemo Corsets'. So I ain't paying attention to any of them."

Dumb Dora—"I don't see how football players ever get clean!"

Ditto—"Silly, what do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets damn smooth.

Prof. (taking up quiz paper)—"Why quotation marks on this paper?"

Frosh—"Courtesy to the man on my right, sir."

If drinking interferes with your studying, give it up—the studying I mean.

HEY!

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INDUSTRY**

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Chemical Club Booth

Super-Superfine cider will
be available as well as
Punch, chocolate bars and
matches

Engineering Society



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3 LINES TO CENTRAL

DINNER FOR EIGHT

"Yes. You looked as though you were worried at dinner. You scarcely said a word. And usually you're so very amusing. You would like to tell me your troubles?"

He patted her hand. "Sympathetic little soul," he told her fondly. "I do wish I had some troubles to share with you. But there isn't a thing in the world. Although I will admit I'm a little tired."

"Algie, I don't believe you."

If it had not been so much bother he might have reproved her. Instead he decided to ignore her remark. "I'll get you more coffee," he said. "Then you can tell me about everything you're doing."

"Thank you, Algie," she said when he returned. "Really and truly I'm having the divinest time. Bill is simply wonderful."

Algie lifted an eyebrow. "Aside from Bill," he suggested.

"Oh, I have my work of course. Lectures and that sort of thing."

Algie made no comment.

"Melanie has looked over at us once or twice, Algie. You don't suppose she minds me talking to you?"

He smiled very gayly. "What do we care?" he asked. "We can't go on drinking coffee forever, but while it lasts let's make the best of it. Perhaps we'd better bring Bill back into the conversation and see what your activities are then."

She leaned excitedly toward him. "The School At-Home," she breathed ecstatically. "It's on Friday, February 16 at the Royal York Hotel and we're going, Bill and I. So are all your dinner guests, Algie. Why don't you come too? Melanie would love it."

He marvelled at the unexpected brightness of her eyes. "Tell me about it," he said.

"Bill says everything has been done to make it the smartest, gayest party ever. Jazz by Wright Brothers begins at nine o'clock. I like them, don't you, Algie?" He nodded. Then there is a floor show to entertain while the guests rest for awhile. And at midnight—

dinner in the Concert Hall while organ music, deep and romantic, steals on you. I love organ music, Algie." She sighed a little wistfully. "And the party doesn't stop until three. But what a wonderfully long evening of laughter and music it will be!" She clasped her hands. "I'd die if I couldn't go!"

He laughed at her. "Why is it girls love to go to a School At-Home, Mary?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. But there's something about them. Why think of yourself. You asked Melanie to marry you two years ago at a School At-Home."

"That's so," he agreed thoughtfully. It would be wonderful to take her there again and tell her how much he loved her. Perhaps he had been spending too much time at the office and not enough with her.

"Well, I've charmed away the worry and the weariness, Algie," Mary was telling him. "You look as romantic as ever, and you're quite tall and handsome too. I think I'll have you dance with me at least once at the party."

"He still belongs to me, Mary," Melanie said, standing near them.

Algernon stood up. Of course there wasn't the slightest trace of sarcasm in her voice. Mary couldn't feel offended, but Algernon understood.

"Mary has been telling me about her busy social life, Melanie," he said.

"That was very sweet of you, Mary," Melanie told her. "We have an occasional dinner party or theatre but aside from that we don't get out much. Algernon is so tied down at the office." She turned to him. "Will you help me with the bridge tables, Algernon, please? There's one missing."

Together they found it in a bedroom closet.

"Do you know what Mary was really telling me, Melanie?" he asked, as he dragged it forth.

His pretty wife shrugged the least bit. "No," he said coolly.

He put his finger beneath her chin. "Please, dear. You're cross at me.

You didn't even smile, when I finished carving the fowl."

"Why should I?" she asked avoiding his eyes. "I cook dinner for eight people and try to entertain them while they keep telling me about all their wonderful parties until I'm quite jealous."

He set the bridge table down and took her in his arms.

"They'll be wondering what we're doing," she said.

"Hell with them," he told her. "They've just been making you a lot of work. But really Melanie, Mary was telling me about the School At-Home on Friday the 16th. I want you to come with me, dear?"

Her eyes, soft and glowing, looked up into his. "It was two years ago you asked me to marry you, Algie. We could make it a sort of second anniversary, couldn't we?"

He nodded. "Gee! I love you, Melanie," he whispered, kissing her hair. Then he picked up the bridge table since after all, the guests had been asked for dinner and bridge.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY MEETING

There will be a meeting of the Engineering Society on Tuesday, January 23. Mr. G. C. McEwen of the Imperial Varnish and Color Co. will speak on the subject: "Budgeting Control as an Aid to Business Profit."

He—"Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She—"I couldn't say—I've never—"

He—"You've never been kissed?"

She—"I've never been sick."

1st Man—"And I tell you, I've kissed the girls at Vassar, kissed the ladies of Bryn Mawr, kissed the university beauty queen, but I've yet to get greater enjoyment than when I kiss my own wife."

2nd Man (enthusiastically) — "By George, you're right!"

Painful silence.

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THE SCHOOL AT-HOME

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PROGRAMME
OF
THE REVUE

1. HELL POPSI

Scene 1. Gull Lake Camp Bunkhouse.

Scene 2. The Pearly Gates.

Scene 3. Pearly Gates—Six Months Later.

2. PANSY THE WONDER HORSE.

3. THE MAD CHEMISTS OF 374.

Spasm 1.

Scene 1—To be continued.

Canto 2—In the Hart House Kitchen.

Cantor 3—The Virtile Horseman.

Convulsion 2.

Stanza 1—The Three Little Porkers.

Period 2—The Tale of the Engineer.

Delirium 3.

Round 1—The Woodland Faeries.

Bout 2—The Solution of Act 1. Scene 1.

Finale—The Essential Instrument.

First Performance at 8.30

Second Performance at 9.20

DIRECTORY FOR DANCING

Where

When

MUSIC ROOM 8.00 until 8.30

9.00 until 10.45

11.00 until 1.00

READING ROOM 9.00 until 11.00

11.15 until 1.00

EAST COMMON ROOM 9.00 until 11.15

11.30 until 1.00

BIG GYM 10.30 until 1.00

WATER POLO—HART HOUSE POOL.....10.15

SUPPER—GREAT HALL.....10.45 until 11.15

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